The Recalcitrant Colonel.

A long, lean body, slow, inductive mind, slim, deliberate speech—such had Mr. Wittmore, the preacher. Yet, as he presided over this prayer meeting, he trembled. Why? Was not the dearest wish of his ministerial career about to be gratified? Had he not just gathered into his fold (upon probation) the lost sheep of Friendship Valley? And was not that sheep in its rich fleece, or, rather, Col. Waive in costly habiliments, arising to testify anent his conversion? All this and more. Had not the colonel, while the heavenly dews were fresh on his soul, subscribed $500 towards the erection of a new church? Had he not sworn to cut off his right hand sooner than let it touch another playing card, to pluck his tongue out by the roots before it uttered an oath or bet again on a horse race, to drink a barrel of molten lead rather than one drop of liquor. Had he not prayed, with a hand on his heart and his eyes on a flock of wild geese whirring overhead, that he might be struck with lockjaw ere an untruth should pass his lips, famous liar though he had been? And pointing at the astonishing geese, had he not confessed: "It was a plumb lie I told you about going up in a balloon and catching a flock of geese in a net. That flock of geese, I, was spilled out of a waterspout that started in my back yard. You would reckon, sir, that the rotation of the spout would have twisted their heads off. Not it. It had caught a nest of bumble bees and the geese kept swimming around as they naturally would, with the current, trying to catch the bees, and never lost their heads!"

We may assume, then, that it was not fears of apprehension, but thrills of pleasure experienced by good Mr. Wittmore when his latest convert arose and said:

"My friends, I am a saved man." (Exclamations of "Thank God!") "And you all know, for years I have been a sinner." (Murmurs of "Yes, Lord.") "I have drunk whiskey enough to float a continent." (Groans.) "I have cussed till the air turned blue." (More groans.) "I have told as many lies in a day as every politician told in a campaign." (Deep sighs.) "I have lost enough money at the card table to build a church so high that if you were at the top of it you could smell the cooking in heaven." (Groans.) "But I have departed from my evil ways." (Praise God!) "Deacon Quick will testify that the last time we had a friendly game in my hay mow, I threw down the cards and pushed him over the stakes—did I not, deacon?" ("The Lord is my witness," from the deacon.) "My soul was like a 'possum that I treed one night, for three months that 'possum had stuck his head out of a hole way up in a big sycamore tree, dodged my shots and laughed defiance at my dog. One day I got inside that tree myself. I took a stout rope and hauled it up the inside of the tree, through a knothole, and brought it down the outside. That night, as usual, the 'possum stuck his head out and old Tige began to raise he-e-avy fuss. I slipped around the further side of the tree, fastened the inside end of the rope around my feet, picked it up the outside end, and with a swift, vigorous pull, gentlemen, I yanked myself aloft, struck the 'possum like a Mauser, shot out at the top of the tree, slid down the rope, and was safe on my feet in the nick of time to see that 'possum strike the ground so hard he had to be scraped up with a hoe. My soul is like that 'possum. It was the victim of a pull. Its eyes were turned outward and not inward, for while it watched the dangers from without, the devil—hum—the Spirit crept in and seized it unawares."

Col. Waive sat down. He felt too exhausted to be analytical, yet he observed that his audience was deeply affected. There was a catchy sigh, a lugubrious cough, then flushed faces and moist eyes hid their screen of hands. The preacher with extreme unction said, "Let us pray," and proceeded with an appeal of apostolic humility.

The meeting closed. Congratulations, good wishes and good-nights were offered, and the elect colonel, after returning the affectionate pressure of many palms, in company with his spiritual adviser started homeward. At his own gate he stopped, removed his hat and bowed his lower chin upon his breast. His round, bald crown, with its reddish hirsute fringe, looked like a caricature of the moon just then smiling darkly out of a cloud.

"I have been thinking, Brother Wittmore, that as a chastisement of the flesh I ought to fast. I intend, sir, to fast from now until Sunday—no, that would be too long. I will commence after breakfast in the morning. One should never enter upon a fast, sir, with an empty stomach. In the days of my worldliness I lived to eat. Sir, it was my habit to eat more and better than any man you ever saw. You may not believe it, but I swear on my sacred word of honor as a Christian gentleman, sir, it is true that ten years ago, at one meal of fifteen minutes' duration, I ate five pounds of beef, a turkey, three dozen eggs, twelve biscuits, to say nothing of a quart of hard cider and a gallon of black coffee which I drank."

"My friend," mildly expostulated Mr. Wittmore, "remember you have forsworn the sin of exaggeration. Had you eaten that quantity of food you would have died of indigestion in less than a day."

"Well, I did," stoutly maintained the colonel.

"Colonel Waive," protested Mr. Wittmore, aghast; "how can you stand before me in your corporeal presence and practically assert that you have been dead of indigestion these ten years?"

"You misunderstand," said the colonel, determined to defend his position, as well to invest his assertions with the hue of probability, "I did not die of indigestion at that time, although such a death has not been uncommon in my family, being, you might say, hereditary. My wife's uncle died of indigestion in five minutes after attending a barbecue and being thrown from his horse thirty feet into the air. To return to the point you contested, sir, I did eat all those things at one meal; but you must take into consideration that I had been holding down a claim in Western Kansas and hadn't tasted food before for six months. Bring your wife over to my house to dinner Sunday."

So saying, the gastronomical wonder passed through the gate, clicked it shut, strode into the house.

Mr. Wittmore went on his way, and his heart was heavy within him. "There is a big-souled, generous-minded man," he mused, "one whose natural and acquired endowments fit him to be a bulwark of the church, yea, a cornucopia in her time of need, yet that man is so beset by petty sins that they would, unless overcome, expose the denomination to ridicule. Yes, to ridicule! And the greatest of these sins is lying. His falsehoods are not born of malicious cunning, but are the expressions of diseased imagination. I verily believe that I might argue with him an hour over the impossibility of a story, and he would tell twenty others equally impossible to substantiate it, and tell them with such zest and earnestness as to convince himself, and even impress me to—me, think of that, now!—that they must be true, or he could not think of them so fast, nor feel so strongly about them. Well, well, let him try fasting. It will cool his blood and compel him to think. God give him strength."

The next day at noon, Mr. Wittmore had occasion to pass the Waive domain. Glancing in at the dining-room window, he was less surprised than shocked to see the colonel, a big napkin tucked in at his ample collar, paying his particular respects to a stack of fried chicken and a plate of steaming biscuits, while at his elbow on the sideboard sat a half emptied bottle on whose label "Kentucky" figured as an adjective. He caught sight of the preacher and in hearty good humor called to him to "'Light and come in."

"Dear brother," said Mr. Wittmore, the resistance of his own spirit weakening before the savory odors, "is this fasting?"

No blush of conscious shame illuminated the culprit's countenance. He threw back his head and his lusty ha ha, innocent of all save discord, rang out until its echo played weakly upon his visitor's risibles.

"I am castigating myself both by precept and example. Having fasted since breakfast, I thought to make the penance more severe by giving my carnal appetite a surfeit of the joys of which it is later to be denied. Do you not think, sir, that we can make this philosophy of temporary value?"

II.

It was impossible for Mr. Wittmore, stern, upright, uncompromising as he was, to let the rod of correction fall too heavily upon his alleged convert. How could he when his homilies were swallowed with eager relish, when his remonstrances were met with childlike humility and penitence, when his charities were fostered as never they had been before? Yet he resolved that the colonel's moral infirmities must be cured.

"Seraphine," he said as his wife was giving his Sunday attire its finishing touch, "I think we may influence the conversation of Colonel Waive by our attitude as listeners. Let us show appreciation of that alone which might reasonably be true. Let us break the flight of his fancy in the altitude of our cold indifference."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Wittmore, "let us show appreciation of that alone which might reasonably be true; let us break the flight of his fancy in the altitude of our cold indifference." She flicked a molecule of dust off his hat, adjusted her own modest head dress, and they serenely and formally betook themselves to church.

Colonel Waive was there. He wore a black cloth suit embellished by a flowered silk waistcoat. His hair was brushed smoothly back over his bald crown as far as it would reach. His cheeks were less red and puffy than of old, and he had the demeanor of one seeking grace.

Mr. Wittmore preached a sermon of equal point and pith. He descanted at great length upon the devils that beset society, devils in the guise of white lies, pleasures of the palate, betting, card playing, etc. Colonel Waive was the text: it was apparent to all save the colonel himself. The congregation, who loved the genial colonel, twisted uneasily, looked at him askance, expected him to take offense. He did not. In fact, he listened in rapt admiration, approved the discourse to the letter, thought it would do much good—and was totally unconscious of its personal application.

It was a striking group that gathered at Colonel Waive's board that day. First Mrs. Waive at the head, plump, matronly, laughter-loving; her husband at the foot, rotund, talkative, gourmandic; Mrs. Wittmore at the side, prim, pasty, aping her husband; Mr. Wittmore at the other side, stiff, dignified, moralizing.

"Mrs. Wittmore," said the colonel, "let me help you to an egg."

"Thank you," answered Mrs. Wittmore; "they look exceptionally fine."

"They are fine," declared the colonel, "though I do say it. You should see the hen that laid those eggs. She is as big as a goose and lays five times a day."

No one spoke.

"Every third egg is double," concluded the colonel.

Mrs. Wittmore's pale orbs sought the glowing ones of her husband. She wanted his judgment as to whether this were a proper time to show appreciation or to seek an altitude of cold indifference.

"What a remarkable hen," she faltered.

"We will give her to Mrs. Wittmore, Kate," said the beneficent colonel.

"She was killed yesterday, dear," replied Mrs. Waive.

"A-ah, I believe she was killed—since she laid the eggs, wasn't she, Kate?"

"Of course," assented Mrs. Waive. "Her ruling passion did not survive her. As a phenomenon her distinction ceased with her demise. Don't be ridiculous, Sammy."

"Now, you know very well, Kate, we had a hen once,"—he paused to help himself to the breast of a chicken, holding the crisp delicacy on his fork as if for illustration.

With nervous haste Mr. Wittmore turned to his hostess, "Madam," he said, indicating a painting, "you have much skill as an artist. Those quails are exceeding lifelike."

"She copied them from nature," put in the colonel, "and, by the way, they were caught in a novel—almost a dime novel manner. I—"

"Art," interposed Mr. Wittmore, "is the refining influence of civilization—"

"Set up a stake," continued the colonel, "and ran it full of sharp steel wires, impaling a bug on each one—"

"While true art is divine," the unheeding preacher went on, "it can be perverted until it is execrable. Witness the difference—"

"A flock of quails came out of the brush as hungry as wolves. They spied the bugs"—

"Between the exquisite harmony and symmetry of truth as portrayed upon yonder canvas"—

"Made a rush on the wires, and every de-a-blamed bird was struck through the neck!"

"And the hideous distortion of truth as portrayed by a leprous imagination!" finished the preacher.

"You don't believe my story, sir?" blustered the colonel.

"I beg pardon!" was the frigid reply.

"I see you don't believe it. I'll make you believe it. Do you see that grate over there? Egad, sir, that's where I burned the feathers. Didn't I, Kate?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Waive, her eyes dancing.

"It follows because the grate is there where you burned the feathers," began the preacher in his slow way, and stopped.

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Wittmore, who always understood literally; "it must be true, because there is the grate where he burned the feathers."

Mr. Wittmore felt desperate. He looked at his hostess; her face expressed mischievous delight. He looked at his wife; she appeared relieved that the truth had come out. He looked at his host; he evidently believed that his facts had been verified, for he smiled benignly and said:

"Your wife does me the honor to follow my logic. She is amenable to reason."

"My wife," observed the preacher, "has all the perspicacity of her sex."

"I invariably agree with my husband," purred Mrs. Wittmore, feeling highly flattered.

"Which proves that you possess tact as well as perspicacity," said Mrs. Waive.

"Brother Waive," the preacher's voice sounded ominous, "I believe you have been conscientiously wrestling with the devil. I have prayed that God would give you strength."

"I thank you, sir," replied "Brother" Waive. "Your prayer was granted. I am strong as an ox—but I had laid it to my appetite. You rather suspected my appetite of being at least particeps criminis, didn't you, Kate?"

"I referred to spiritual strength," persisted Mr. Wittmore, "which would enable you to rise superior to the pictorial representations of your vivid imagination."

"Oh! If you mean the quail story, that's nothing. I could tell you another one just as true and a heap more strange."

"I beg you to desist."

"Pshaw, no, let a man vindicate himself. I had such luck with my real bugs—quails take to bugs mightily—that I tried decoys. I put three or four out in the field under a sun glass. I went back in an hour and found seventeen quails, sir, with their heads burned off. Wasn't it seventeen, Kate?"

"No," said Mrs. Waive, who thought it time for a quietus. "You are altogether mistaken, Sammy."

"True, true enough," reflected the undaunted colonel. "It was twenty-seven."

No one spoke.

"It was a powerful, strong sun glass," added the colonel.

"Being aware of my host's innate goodness," said the preacher, addressing Mrs. Waive, "I regard his faults with unusual leniency. I know he has a great soul and that he means well. You have good intentions," turning to the colonel, "but, dear brother, before it is too late, reflect that hell is paved with good intentions!"

"In that case," roared the colonel, who saw a funny side to it, "you have a corner on hell yourself. You had better deputize me to look after your large landed possessions, since you say I am going that way, or his majesty will get them for taxes, the same as do his agents here."

III.

Whether by virtue of Mr. Wittmore's incessant prayers and pleadings, or a religious awakening on his own part, the better side of Colonel Waive's nature gradually predominated. It may be that he was touched by the helpful and affectionate interest his spiritual development excited in the community. It may be that the growth of the new church building, which stately edifice had sprung from his own pocket and caused people to gauge his heart by the size of it, appealed to his sentiment. Certain it is that he became possessed of a religious frenzy.

He regularly attended divine service. He said "Amen" loud and often. He was a father to the missions. He never had done anything by halves and now that he had consecrated himself, his dollars were free of advice. The good brothers who from the first were individually ready to make affidavit that he was irresponsible, needed a guardian and ought to be a ward of the church, collectively agreed that he knew what he was about in the wasting of his substance.

It was the rapid diminution of his bank account that called forth the first effective protest against the Christianizing influences to which he was being subjected. Mrs. Waive was dissatisfied. She wanted her husband to be saved, had no doubt but that he would be, with or without regeneration. With that blind kind of reasoning some women have (and the better the woman the better her reasoning), she argued to herself that if she, knowing him good and sound at the core, could be patient with his imperfections in this world, God, who was equally well informed, would continue such treatment in the next. Moreover, she suspected the colonel's religious fever was only temporary, she believed he would get over it.

As his probation drew near its close, his zeal increased.

"Kate," he said, "I am about to be invested with the dignity of a churchman. I have a feeling of elation that is not of earth, and I look upon my past as a life count closed. Indeed, Kate, dearest, I am ready at the blast of Gabriel's trumpet to start with a crown of gold on my head and a palm leaf in my hand."

"Think you'll need a palm leaf?" she interrupted.

"Toward the regions of celestial bliss," he finished, ignoring the thrust.

"Celestial stuff," she laughed. "Sammy, you'll come out of this about like an old dog that has tried new tricks. No man with your capacity for hot biscuits is ready for the ascension; at least, he isn't hunting it. Now, dear, I am anxious that when you get into heaven you should have a crown on your head, only I stipulate that you keep a roof over mine while you're on earth."

He respected Mrs. Waive's opinions. She had large sense for a small woman. Of course. Hadn't she married him?

Amid great rejoicing the new church was dedicated, and Colonel Waive was publicly thanked for the "assistance" he had given. The worthy colonel was so affected that the tears coursed down his cheeks. Raising his wet eyes to heaven, he began in trembling tones:—

"Sisters and brothers, this is the most solemn moment of my life. Deeply sensible of the honor conferred upon me by your favor, I yield obeisance to the Almighty, who has made me an instrument of His will."

He bowed his head and silence reigned. Surely not in vain had Mr. Wittmore cast his bread upon the waters.

There was a nervous working of Colonel Waive's fingers. He raised his head, his nostrils expanding. In his eyes was a nascent fire.

"You may not believe it, sirs," his voice was clear and firm, "but twenty years ago this scene, this church, these faces appeared to me in a vision."

There was a thrill, then a profound hush.

"I was in old Mexico, out gathering cactus leaves to make greens. The sun beat down until I could smell my hair scorching under my sombrero. All at once a rain came up, a rain, gentlemen, that soaked the ground a foot in ten seconds. I was swept to my knees, and while in that involuntary attitude of supplication, I saw falling straight from the zenith a ball of lightning as big as a washtub. I caught it in my arms, and in the moment that I held it there, I saw passing in quick succession every subsequent event of my life—then it slipped from my clasp and burst with a crash that went shrieking over the plains. I was dazzled by a light that was not of earth, no, for it shone from the face of an angel. Above the roaring of the thunder, the whistling of the winds, I heard the angel's voice: 'Hurlock Waive, arise and go to Kansas!' The storm passed as suddenly as it had come. I made haste to obey the command of my heavenly visitor, searching until I had found this place as I had seen it marked on my electric map. Filled with inspiration I returned to my Mexican quarters only to be greeted by the rumor, gentlemen, that I had been off on a drunk! The angel returned, ordering me back to Kansas. Fearing derision, I resisted. I resisted so hard, gentlemen, that I turned black, black as the darkness that surrounds the doorknob when you get home late. Again the angel appeared; I let her lead me back to Kansas."

A cold wave had come over the congregation. On the preacher's face there was a sickly pallor. The sun went under a cloud.

"Sisters and brothers," cried Colonel Waive, "I fear you doubt me. Listen: Standing here in the presence of the living God, I pray Him to strike me dead if in what I have said I deviated one syllable from the truth!"

Every eye in frozen fear was turned toward him. It seemed as if within the focus of that strained gaze a ravissant God would perform the miracle of His vengeance. And, lo! A sword of flame descended from the sky and smote him on the brow, but it broke in a circle of sunshine, the mirage of a halo. The colonel was not stricken dead. He was etherealized. He was vindicated.

Mr. Wittmore lifted his hands in prayer.

"Colonel," said Deacon Quick a few days afterward, "I thought your name was Samuel P. How did the angel happen to call you 'Hurlock?'"

"Pshaw," replied the colonel, easily, "I reckon she was like me—she liked the name."

The day of the colonel's confirmation dawned bright and clear save for one small black cloud that threw its shadow over Mr. Wittmore at breakfast. Notwithstanding, he was radiant. Accordingly, Mrs. Wittmore was radiant. She patted him fondly on the cheek, saying, "It was all your work, dear, that saved the priceless soul of Colonel Waive."

"God knows," responded thep reacher, "how hard my task has been."

"Of course," agreed Mrs. Wittmore, "God knows how hard your task has been. So does everybody."

Mr. Wittmore continued: "In the lone watches of the night I have prayed for this man. Day after day, storm or shine, I have gone to him with a full heart and a pleading tongue. It has been talk, talk, from early winter on through the long, dead hours of summer."

"You just wore him out, didn't you, love?" commented admiring Mrs. Wittmore.

"Yet how great is my reward," said the thankful preacher, "for today his feet are planted in the straight and narrow path."

Even as Mr. Wittmore spoke, the small black cloud darkened its shadow over him. In the face of this evil portent, he merely observed: "Seraphine, I fear we shall have a bad day."

"I fear we shall have a bad day," reiterated Mrs. Wittmore, and neither borrowed trouble because the small black cloud hovered over them all the way to church.

The morning was warm. Warm! It was hot enough to taste! The church was filled to overflowing. Everybody in the valley came to participate in the happiness of the occasion.

The colonel had not arrived when services began. People were hot, restless, whispering. They craned their necks whenever they heard a step in the vestibule, hungering more for the sight of his face than the sound of Mr. Wittmore's voice.

The colonel was very late. A shadow blacker than the cloud had cast was over Mr. Wittmore. His slow utterances halted, grew raspily metallic. He felt the chill of a premonition. He was sure that no earthly power except physical inability could have kept the convert absent, an accident had happened.

The colonel did not come at all. The services were concluded and the congregation grouped about the preacher. As they stood talking, they heard the beat of horse's hoofs, the rattle of a light road wagon, and the colonel's horse, driverless, flashed by them.

Mr. Wittmore's premonition had become a certainty.

The congregation, en masse, started hastily in the direction whence the horse had come, expecting to find its owner's mangled remains in the road. They met Pete, his negro servant. Pete was running, gesticulating, jabbering. He elbowed his way through the crowd, paying no heed to inquiries as he hurried in pursuit of the runaway.

Headed by the preacher, the excited people thronged to the colonel's residence. As they approached the veranda, they saw a hammock swaying gently in the shade. It contained a bulky object in white crash, the recognizable portion of which was shielded by a big straw hat.

Mrs. Waive appeared in the doorway and asked what was the matter.

"We-we're after the colonel," spoke up Deacon Quick.

"He's under that hat," said Mrs. Waive.

Disturbed by the colloquy, the colenel pushed aside the hat, floundered clear of the hammock, yawned, fanned himself.

"Glad to see you all; going to have a feast at our house today—killed a chicken and churned. Got tired of this thing of not having meat for dinner." He laughed boyishly. "Friends, did you ever see such monstrous weather. Only once before in my life, the summer of 1868, when I was superintending 700 Mexicans at the hacienda—"

He stopped and looked interestedly at the preacher, tense before him, around whose lips there was a tight, blue line, in whose eyes glowed the heat of mighty wrath.

"Colonel Waive," exclaimed Mr. Wittmore, "why have you violated your pledge to appear before your God at the altar this Sabbath morning? Because it was—"

"Too infernal hot!" interjected the colonel.—Scranton Republican.

The son wrote home from college as follows: "Dear Dad: I expect to graduate this month and will need a hundred dollars immediately. Send check at once." The old man replied: "Dear John: Times is too tight. I send you postoffice order for ten dollars. Jes' graduate ten dollars' worth an' come home an' go to plowin'."

MR. DOOLEY ON CHINA'S FUTURE

"Be th' time th' Chinese gets through with this here job o' theirs," said Mr. Dooley, "they'll know a thing or two about good manners an' Christyan idees."

"They need thim," said Mr. Hennessy.

"They do so," said Mr. Dooley. "An' they'll get thim. By an' by th' allied foorces will proceed to Pekin. It may not be in ye'er lifetime or in mine or in th' lifetime iv th' ministhers, Hinnissy. They ar-re in no hurry. Th' ministhers ar-re as comfortable as they can be on a dite iv polo ponies an' bamboo an' they have exercise enough dodgin' cannon balls to have no fear iv indygisthion. They'se no need iv haste. Th' allied foorces must make no step forward while wan armed foe survives. It was rayported last week that th' alvance had begun, but on sindin' out scouts 'twas discovered that th' asphalt r-road to th' capital was not r-ready an' th' gallant sojer boys was afraid to risk their beecycles on a defictive pavement. Thin th'e parlor cars ordered be the Rooshan Admiral has not arrived an' wan iv th' Fr-rinch gin'rils lost an omlete or whatever 'tis they wear on their shoulders, ar' he won't budge till it can be replaced fr'm Pahrs. A sthrong corps iv miners an' sappers has gone ahead f'r to lo-cate good resthrants on th' line iv march, but th' weather is cloudy an' the silk umbrellys haven't arrived, an' they'se supposed to be four hundred millyon Chinymen with pinwheels an' roman candles blockin' th' way, so th' advance has been postponed indefinitely. Th' American foorces is r-ready f'r to start immejately, but they ar-re not there yet. Th' British gin'ral is waitin' f'r th' Victorya cross befure he does annything, an' th' Japanese an' th' Rooshan is danchin' up an' down, sayin' 'Afther you, me boy.'

"But afther awhile, whin th' frost on th' pumpkins an' th' corn is in th' shock, whin th' roads has been repaired, an' iv'ry gin'ral's lookin' his best, an' in no danger iv a cold on th' chist, they'll prance away. An' whin they get to th' city iv Pekin a fine cillybration is planned be th' mission'ries. I see th' programme in th' paper: First day, 10 a. m., prayers be th' allied mission'ries; 1 p. m., massacree iv th' impress an' rile family; sicond day, 10 a. m., scatthrin' iv remains iv former kings; 11 a. m., disecration iv graves ginrally; 2 p. m., massacree iv all gein'rals an' coort officials; third day, 12 noon, burnin' iv Pekin; foorth day, gran' pop'lar massacree an' division iv territ'try, th' cillybration to close with a rough-an-tumble fight among th' allies.

"'Twill be a gr-reat occasion, Hinnissy, an' bedad I'd ike to be there to see it. Ye can't go too sthrong again th' Chinee. Me frind, th' Impror iv Garmany, put in right. 'Bhave boys,' says he, 'ye ar-re goin' out now,' he says 'i'r to carry th' light iv Christyanity,' he says, 'an' th' teachin's iv th' Garman Michael,' he says, 'to th' benighted haythen beyant,' he says. "Me an' Mike is watchin' ye,' he says, 'an' we ixpict ye to do ye'er duty,' he says. 'Through you,' he says, 'I propose to mash th' vile Chinee with me malled fist,' he says. 'This is no six-ounce glove fight, but demands a lunch-hook done up in eight-inch armor-plate,' he says. 'Whin ye get among th' Chinee,' he says, 'raymimber that ye ar-re th' van guard of Christyanity,' he says, 'an' stick ye'er baynet through ivry hated infidel ye see,' he says. 'Lave thim undherstand what our westhren civilization means,' he says, 'an' prod thim good an' hard,' he says. 'Open their heads with ye-er good Garman swords to Eu-ropyan culture an refinement,' he says. 'Spare no man that wears a pigtail,' he says. 'An', he says, 'me an' th' Garman Michael will smile on ye as ye kick th' linin' out iv th' dhragon on' plant on th' walls iv Pekin th' banner,' he says, 'iv th' cross, an',' he says, 'th' double cross,' he says. 'An' if be chance ye shud pick up a litle land be th' way, don't lave e'er a Frinchman or Rooshan take it fr'm ye or ye'll feel me specyal delivery hand on th' back o' ye-er neck in a way that'll do ye no kind iv good. Hock Garman Michael,' he says, hock me gran'father, hock th' penny postage fist,' he says, 'hock mesilf,' he says. An' th' Garman Impror wint back to his bedroom f'r to wurruck on th' book he's goin'to br'ring out nex' year to take th' place iv th' Bible.

"He's th' boy f'r me money. Whin th' Garman throops takes their part in th' desthruction iv Pekin they'll be none iv th 'allied foorces'll stick deeper or throw th' backbone iv th' impress' ol' father higher dhin th' la-ads fr'm th' home iv th' sausage. I hope th' cillybration'll occur on Chris-mas day. I'd like to hear th' sojers singin' 'Gawd r-rest ye, merry Chinnymen' as they punchered thim with a baynit."

"'Twill be a good thing," said Mr. Hennessy.

"It will that," said Mr. Dooley.

"'Twill civilize th' Chinymen," said Mr. Hennessy.

"'Twill civilize thim stiff," said Mr. Dooley. "An' it may not be a bad thing f'r th' r-rest iv th' wurruld. Perhaps contack with th' Chinese may civilize th' Garmans."

SCIENCE BREVITIES.

The elevator at the Washington Monument is hereafter to be operated by electricity, we are told by the Electrical World and Engineer. "It costs the Government at present about $20,000 a year to take the public up the 500 feet to the top and down again. The sundry civil appropriation bill, approved June 6, included $20,000 for one dynamo and connections, and installation of new system, and $6,500 for an addition to the boiler house."

"A curious discovery is said to have been made in Germany that land of never-ending research," says the Western Electrician. "It is that the lens of the human eye is diamagnetic, or possessed of the apparent property of being repelled by the poles of a powerful magnet. It is suggested as a possibility that this characteristic might be utilized in a magnetic treatment to flatten the lens and thus improve and perhaps cure nearsightedness."

"Among the interesting suggestions relating to the possibilities of the Philippines," says the Western Electrician, "is that the islands are the proper place to grow gutta percha cheaply and profitably. This assertion is not made by some optimistic American expansionist, but is found in a work just published in Germany and mentioned by United States Consul Hughes of Coburg. The writer notes that the supply of gutta percha is almost exhausted, owing to the reckless and primitive way in which the trees were treated in Sumatra and Borneo, whence the principal output has come. As these trees will flourish in only a very few places, the question has become serious."

Commenting on the opening of underground electric roads in London and Paris, both largely equipped with American apparatus, the Electrical World says: "There is an old saying that the shoemaker's wife goes ill-shod, and it has a pertinacity to the situation which discloses the two leading capitals of the old world equipped with American underground electric railways, while not a city in this country has anything of the kind, unless we count in the Boston subway, which is merely a sunken track for trolley cars. However, in a few years we shall be able to try underground roads here without going to Europe for the experience, while it is not improbable that many useful points in practice will have been developed in Europe that will be worthy of study or imitation."

To a correspondent of the New York Sun who asks why builders of automobiles did not dispense with the dashboard, since the mud-splashing horse was absent, another correspondent replied that the dashboard serves to keep the passengers warm, and that vehicles without it would be unsightly. Neither of these persons, says the Electrical Review, "has discussed the question of why automobile doors should be open from the side of the vehicle where they do not belong, or why automobiles should have the little railings on which to rest the reins of the horse which is not there, or why the makers of these vehicles have departed as little as possible from the ancient traditions of the carriage builder and made things such as we see on our streets—unsightly, unfitted for the uses to which they are put, strongly reminiscent of the horse, and probably destined to be looked upon by our grandchildren as examples of the perverted taste of their ancestors."

PRESIDENT'S NIECE TO WED IN SEPTEMBER

THE engagement is announced of Miss Mabel McKinley, daughter of Abner McKinley and niece of the President, to Dr. Hermanus L. Baer, of Somerset, Pa. The wedding will take place in September at the summer home of Abner McKinley at Somerset. Dr. Baer recently graduated from the Philadelphia Medical College and has decided to begin the practice of medicine at Somerset.

Miss McKinley is noted for her beauty, wit and musical talent. President and Mrs. McKinley will attend the wedding.

THE OLD DAGUERREOTYPES.

Up in the attic I found them, locked in the cedar chest,
Where the flowered gowns lie folded, which once were brave as the best;
And, like the queer old jackets and the waistcoats gay with stripes,
They tell of a worn-out fashion—these old daguerreotypes.

Quaint little folding cases, fastened with tiny hook,
Seemingly made to tempt one to lift up the latch and look;
Linings of purple and velvet, odd little frames of gold,
Circling the faded faces brought from the days of old.

Grandpa and grandma, taken ever so long ago,
Grandma's bonnet a marvel, grandpa's collar a show;
Mother, a tiny toddler, with rings on her baby hands
Painted—lest none should notice—in glittering, gilded bands.

Aunts and uncles and cousins, a starchy and stiff array,
Lovers and brides, then blooming, but now so wrinkled and gray,
Out through the misty glasses they gaze at me, sitting here
Opening the quaint old cases with a smile that is half a tear.

I will smile no more, little pictures, for heartless it was, in truth,
To drag to the cruel daylight these ghosts of a vanished youth.
Go back to your cedar chamber, your gowns and your lavender,
And dream, 'mid their by-gone graces, of the wonderful days that were.

—Saturday Evening Post.

Friend—"Oh, by the way, I have been curious to know whether you were successful with that strange patient you were treating last winter." Doctor—"I was, partially. He has paid almost half of his bill."

When the pesky fly
So artful and sly,
Doesn't care any longer to flutter
He buzzes around
With mournful sound
And buries himself in the butter.

"Osted, take this sprinkler and water the rubber plant." "What's the use, maw? Anything rubber is waterproof."